

ROOFTOPS

EPISODE 1: "WHEN IT RAINS, IT POURS"



SCRIPT BY: DARK MARK

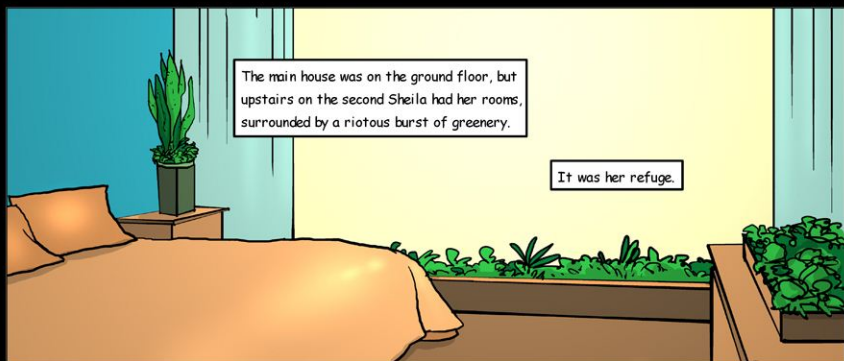
ART BY: NCO





Sheila assumed that because her building was the tallest around, no one could see her.

She had built her house to remind her of lush Shillong days--not so easy considering her new South Indian home was as dry as a desert.



The main house was on the ground floor, but upstairs on the second Sheila had her rooms, surrounded by a riotous burst of greenery.

It was her refuge.



As her last son grew into a teenager, Sheila found it necessary to meet the needs of her still smoldering sexuality in different ways than the past...



Over the years she had a string of lovers...

I must be going...I apologize...

Some dearer to her with whom she
spent long, unhurried hours...

For what?

I never expected
you to stay.

Others devoured merely as a special
treat to feed her animal lust.

Make it hurt!

oooooooooooooooooooooh!

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

SNACK!



Only some lovers could match her vocalisations: the libidinous ones still in their youth.

Eggrrrr...



These were mostly junior officers of the company where her husband worked.

My dick is so sore!

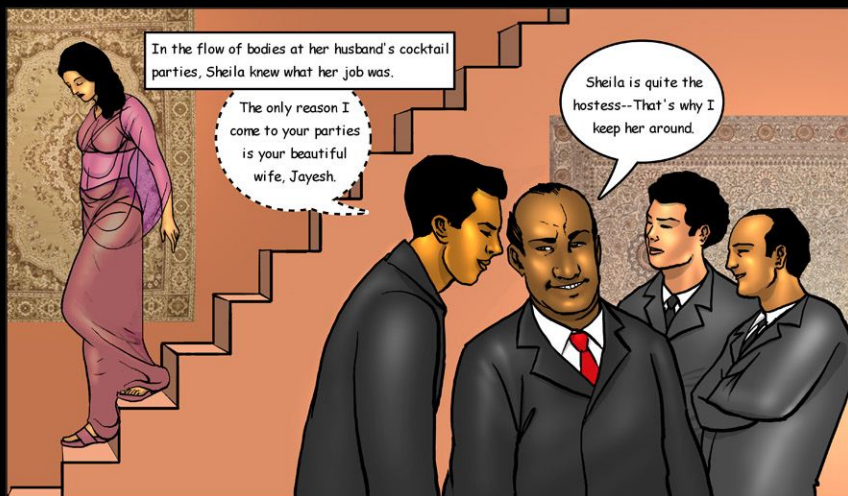


Me, too. Isn't it wonderful?

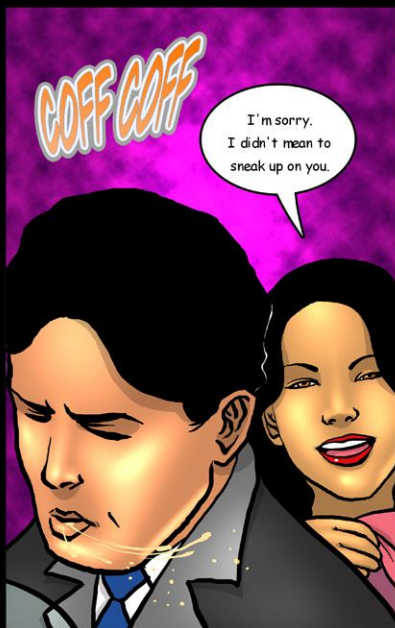
I could sleep for hours.















My god...you've
done this before!



Young men are
my specialty.



I'm going
to cum...

Wait, don't get
any cum on my
party sari!



Cum in here.



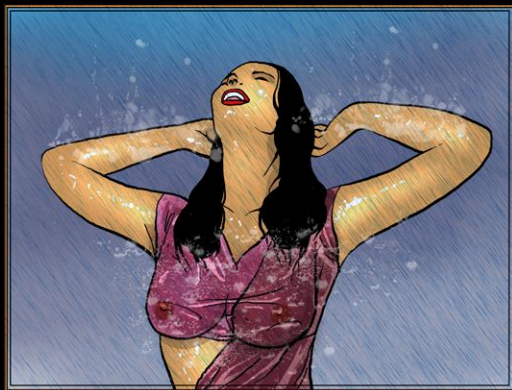
But that was then.

Jayesh broke his promise to return the family to Shillong when he landed a promotion.

And that broken promise broke Sheila's spirit.



It had been several years since the pretty young boys had stopped frequenting her room..



God, I miss the rain in Shillong.



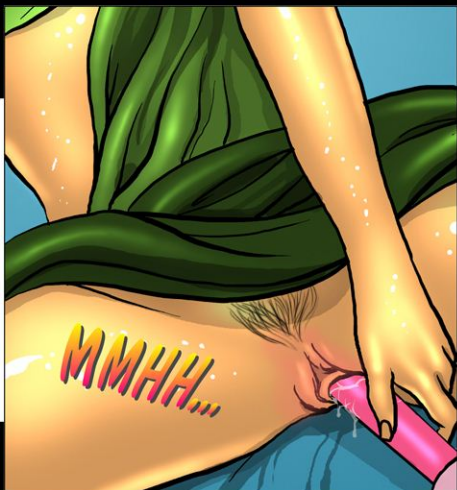
And the animalistic howls had long since stopping coming from the glass house.



But Sheila's passion was about to explode like a long-dormant volcano.

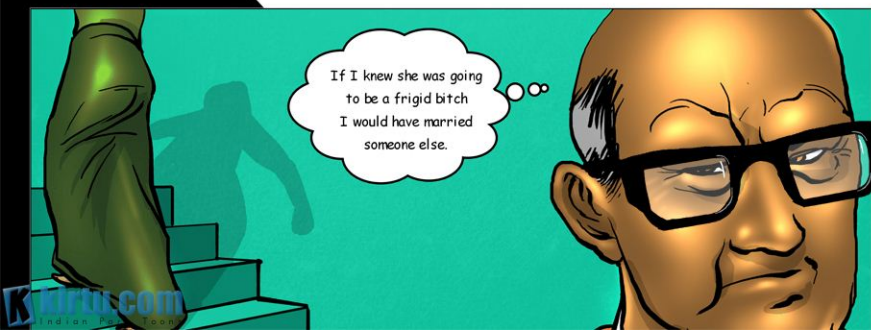






But the brush handle did not throb from within like her young lovers. There were no ankles to wrap her own ankles around.





Meanwhile, a few minutes earlier

Well, is it full yet or not, Sham?

I'll tell you when I get there, Mother. Be quiet before you make me fall.





What is she doing?



Sheila enjoyed the way the water filled her cleavage, then flowed down her body. It reminded her of the Shillong downpours.



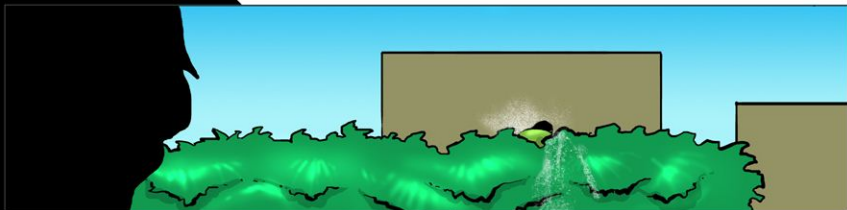
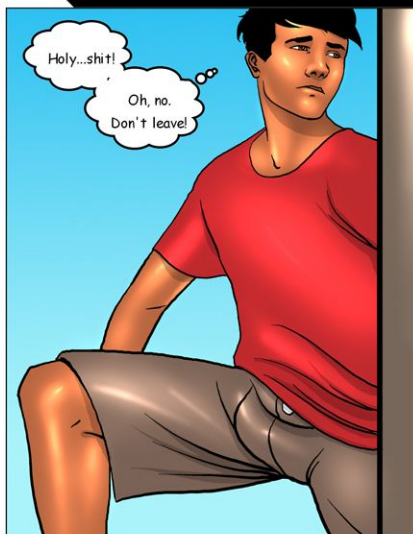
Despite its coldness, the water teased Sheila like a playful lover, maddening her nipples with the desire to be touched.



I can't believe this!

My neighbour is...masturbating?







So aroused was every nerve in her body that Sheila had reached the point of no return.

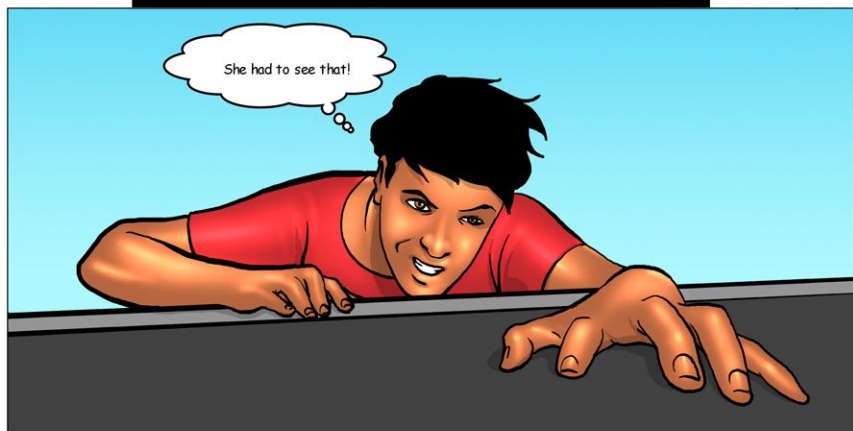


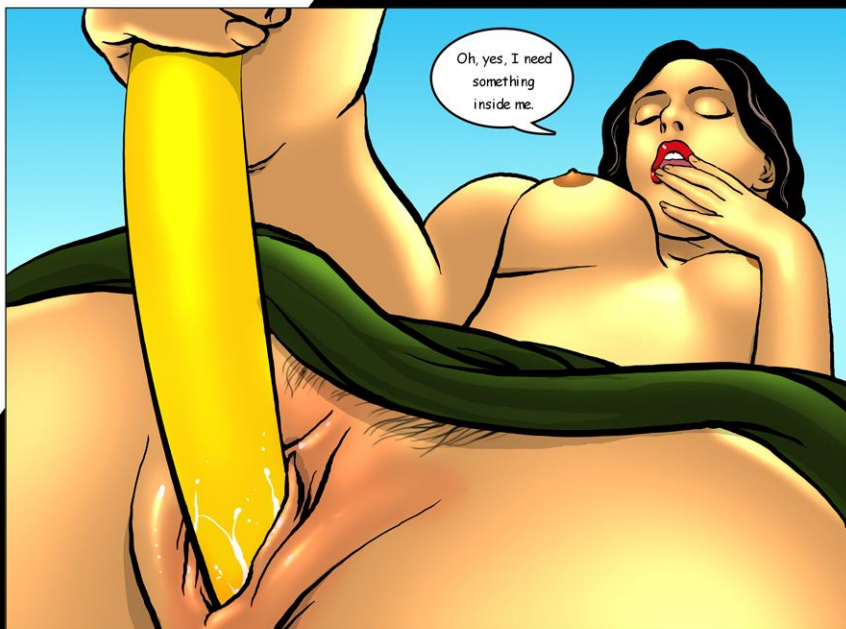
It didn't matter to her now...

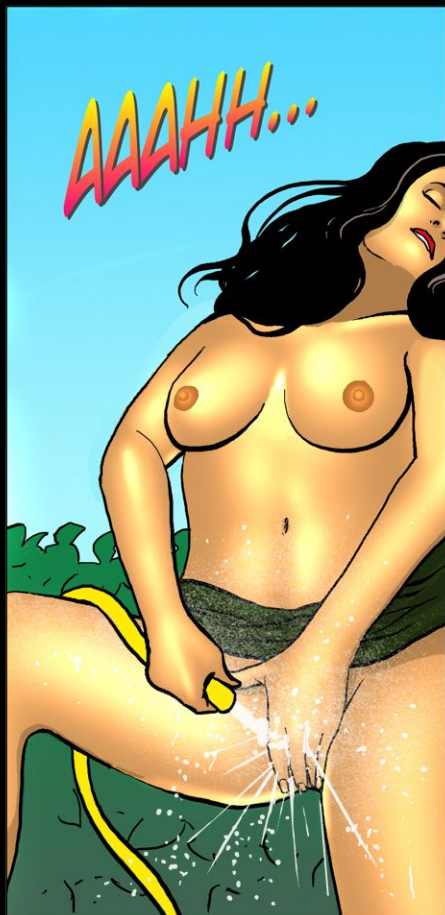
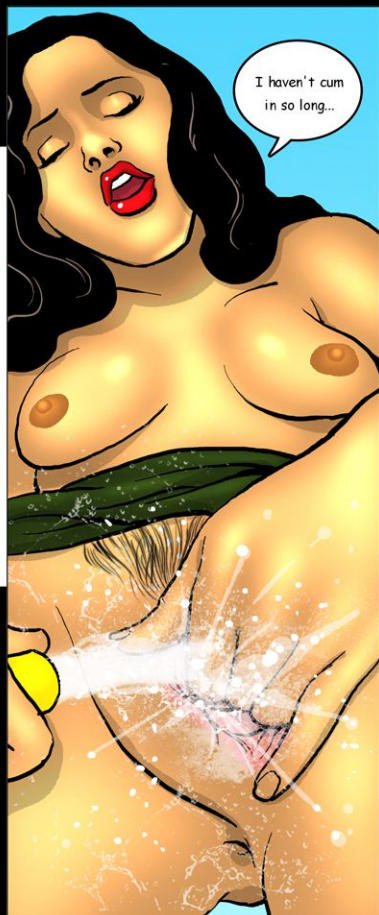


...that she had spotted a teenage neighbor tending to a water tank on his roof out of the corner of her eye.

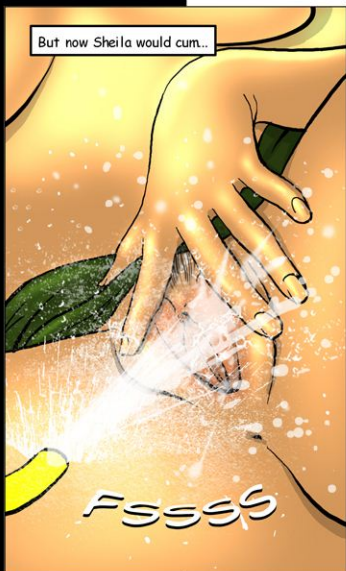




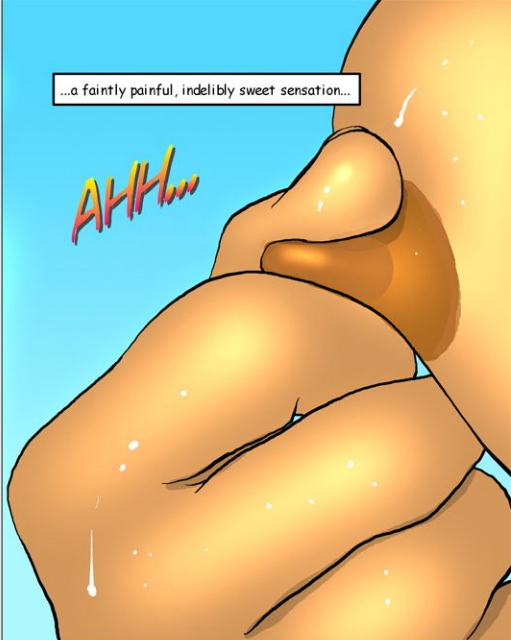




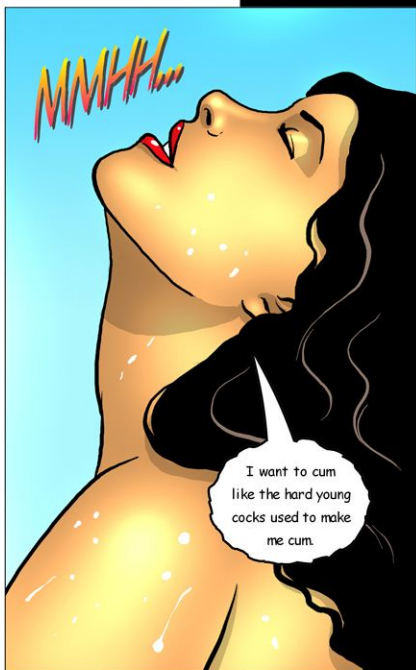
But now Sheila would cum...



...a faintly painful, indelibly sweet sensation...

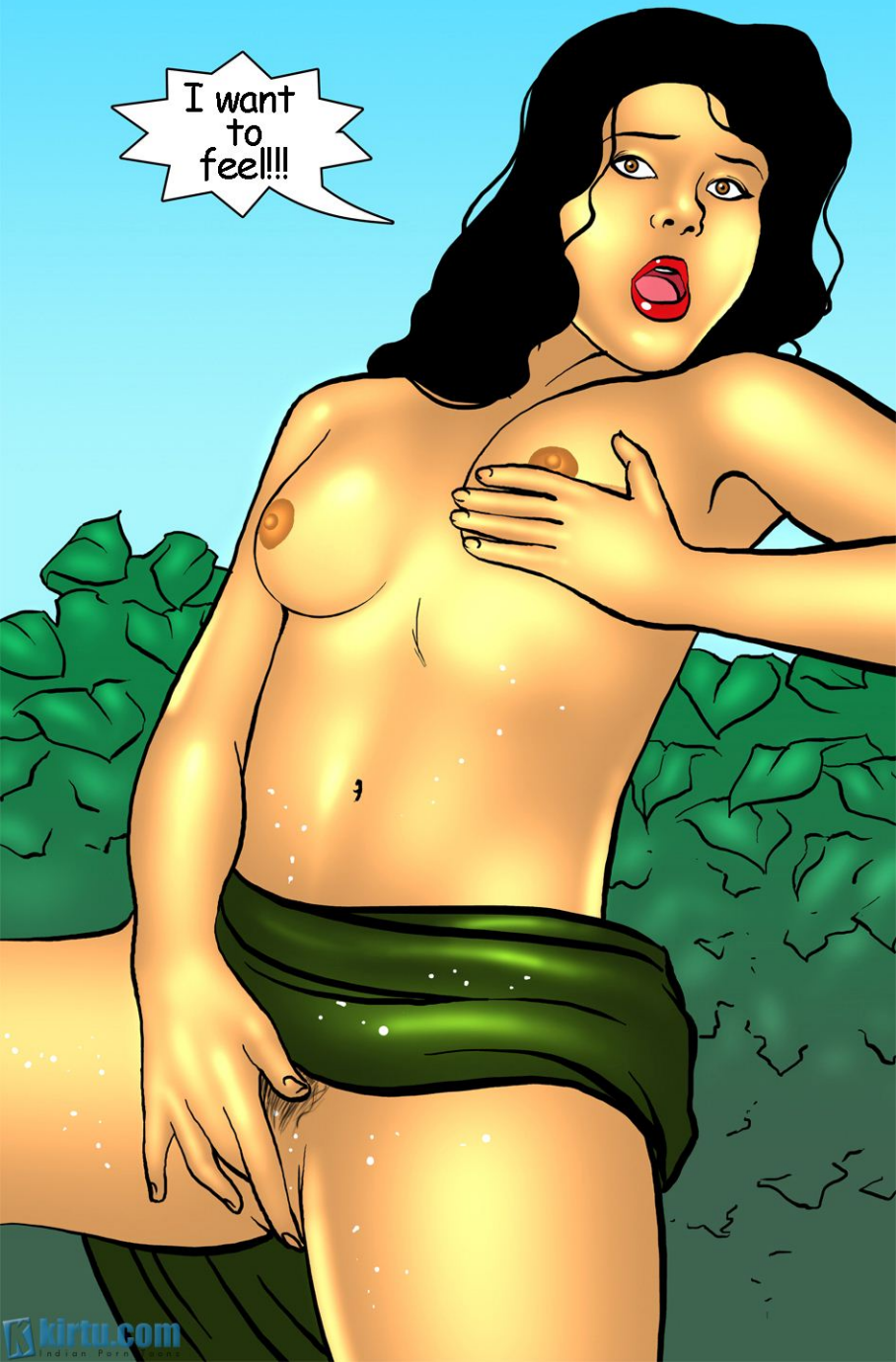


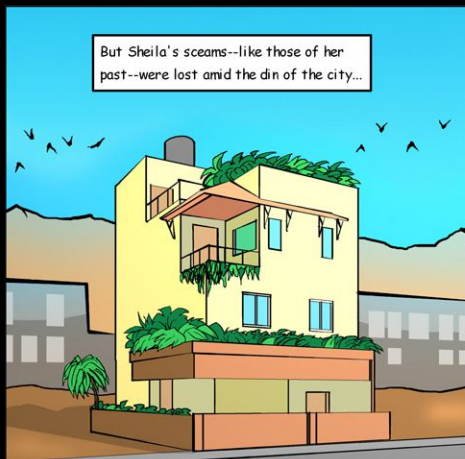
...all the more intense for its long absence.



I want to cum
like the hard young
cocks used to make
me cum.

I want
to
feel!!!





But Sheila's screams--like those of her past--were lost amid the din of the city...



...heard only by this boy, Sham.

Oh..my...god!



As the shuddering inside her vaginal walls finally ceased...



...all that Sheila could think was how she missed the sensation.

I must find a lover.







